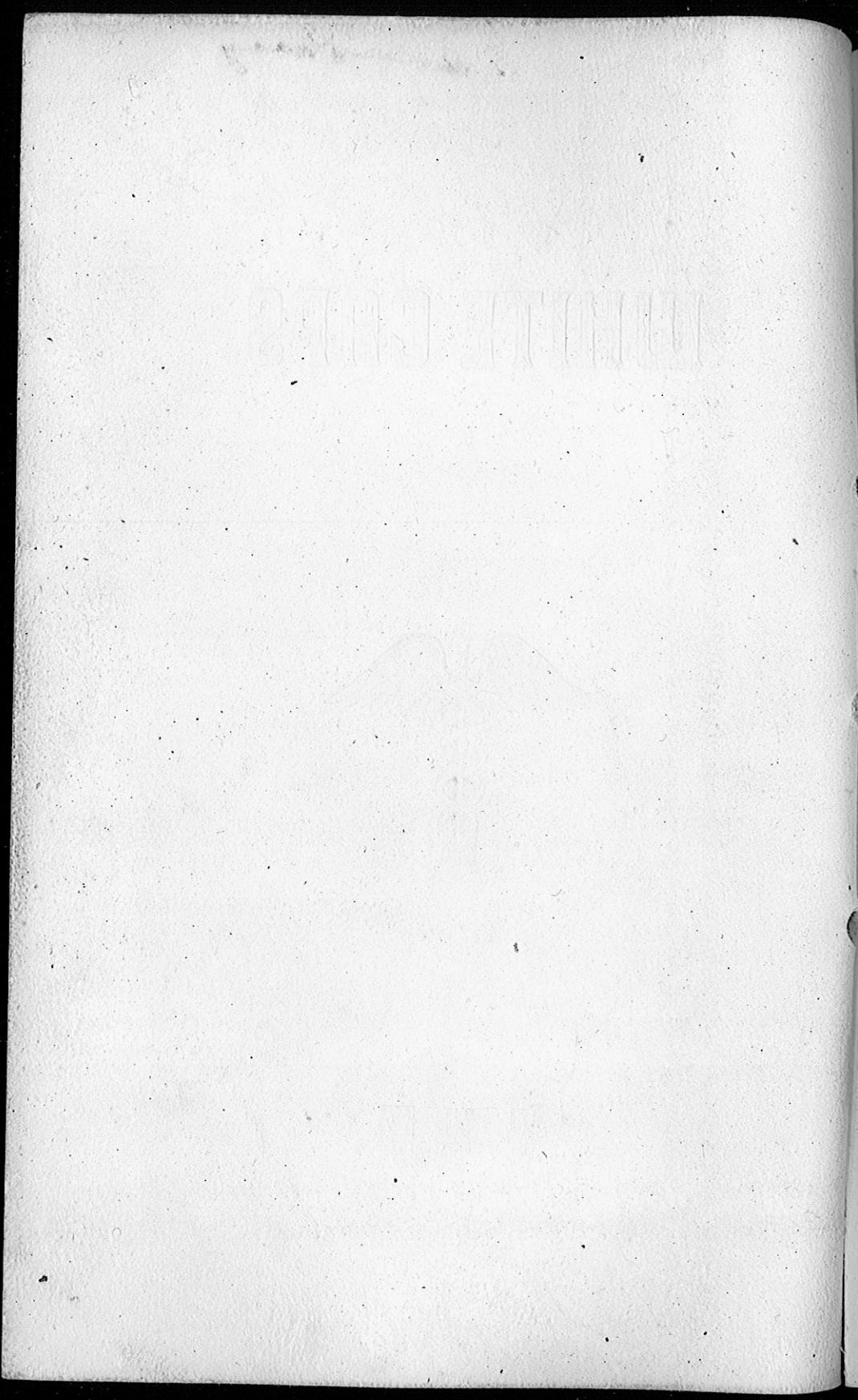


WHITE CAPS



1943



Answers

WHITE



CAPS

1943



*W*E, the Class of 1943, dedicate this Yearbook
to Dr. Meyer, whose advice and counsel has
made us deeply appreciative of his worth.

TO DR. MEYER

TUNE: "*The Martins and the Coys*"

Dr. Meyer and his students
In the O. R. show their prudence,
And we like him in every single mood.
When he grumbles and he "growels"
And he musses up the towels—
We know he does it for the patient's good.

Dr. Meyer and Miss Gordon
Always feudin' in the mornin'
Deliverin' babies is the cause of all their woe.
When the baby has descended
You would think it would be ended,
But they go right on a-feudin' as befoe.

Bright and early on Monday morning,
In the A. R. Dr. Meyer will appear.
With his sutures and his scissors
He is really quite a wizard
As he sews back on that torn off ear.

Now we hope we've made it clear,
For we've tried to be sincere—
How we trust him in everything he does,
Though he scribbles up our charts,
He is deep within our hearts,
And he ranks among the best there ever wuz.

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Jessie M. Dunlavey
<i>Vice-President</i>	Virginia M. St. Leger
<i>Secretary</i>	Helen H. Susman
<i>Treasurer</i>	Helen E. Pierson

CLASS MOTTO

"The Heart to Desire, the Mind to Direct, the Hand to Execute."

CLASS FLOWERS

Gardenia and Forget-Me-Not

CLASS COLORS

Blue and White

CLASS ADVISER

Edith L. Lindberg

○

CLASS SONG

TUNE: *"I'll See You Again"*

We'll see you again,
Through all the years,
We'll remember when . . .
Time may lie heavy between,
But what has been, is past forgetting,
These sweet memories,
Across the years, come back to me,
Though our worlds may go astray,
Always in our hearts you'll stay,
Vassar, you're the emblem of our love.

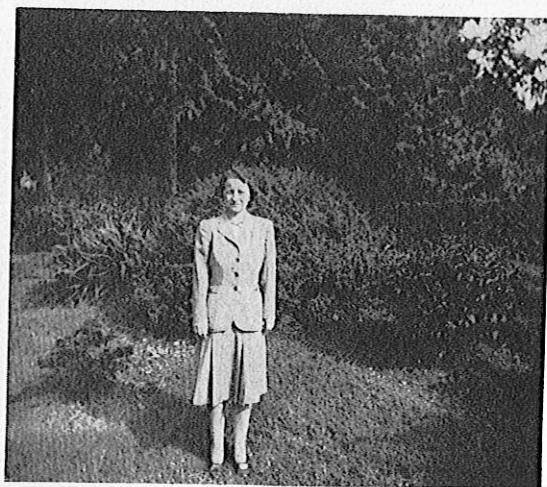
○

CLASS SONG

TUNE: *"This Is The Army"*

We're from the Vassar Training School,
No private bath or swimming pool,
You had your breakfast at ten before,
But you won't get it then any more.

Do what the T. S. O. commands,
Now you're in training and you're in demand,
We've put in three years toward our goal,
We've given with our heart and soul,
You have the spirit to carry on,
And this you must do when we're gone.



In appreciation of
EDITH L. LINDBERG
our friend and adviser

When we entered Vassar three short years ago,
She was here to greet us
And to show us where to go.
With twinkling eye and cheerful smile
She banished our every woe
And helped us out along the way
When we were feeling low!

In her uniform of white
She looked so clean and neat,
And as she walked the corridors
We found her hard to beat.
And now as graduation time draws near
She will help us just the same
And always in our hearts we'll hear
The echo of her name.



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON
*Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital*



RACHEL E. COLE
*Ass't Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital*



SARA L. SWEET
*Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital*



EDITH L. LINDBERG
*Instructor of Nursing Arts
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital*



ROSE COLTON
*Assistant Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital*

SUPERVISORS AND ASSISTANTS



K. T. HENNING



E. M. KNAPP



E. M. FURGASON



J. E. DUNWOODY



D. M. POWERS



H. L. BOSTON



J. L. DAVIDSON



G. A. SEASE



P. A. GORDON



L. C. BECK



F. M. HRITZ



K. T. VANDYNE



B. E. CLAIRE



J. B. SANDLEBEN



H. K. PLAIN

DIETITIANS



A. P. TESKE



G. C. THOMPSON



E. M. CRAWFORD



FOR FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

You never spared yourself in any way,
And there are those who follow your routine.
If you were here, you would be glad today
To see how far your lamp has thrown it's sheen:
The Russian nurse handing the instruments
Halting the wounded life trying to flee,
Fighting the cold in front-line first aid tents;
The French or Greek nurse, now no longer free,
Struggling and starving with her broken nation;
The Chinese nurse—the list grows very long . . .
Everyone would win your approbation
And you, in whom self-sacrifice was strong,
Could never ask for more in time of war
From those who served on bombed Corregidor!

Officers 1943

DUNLAVEY, JESSIE M. President

"JESS"

Wingdale, N. Y.

*My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But, ah, my foes, and, oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light.*



ST. LEGER, VIRGINIA M.

Vice President

"SAINT"

Kingston, N. Y.

*I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty.*

Officers 1943

SUSMAN, HELEN H. *Secretary*

"SUDSY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The very room—

'Cuz she was in—

Was warm from floor to ceilin' . . .



PIERSON, HELEN E. *Treasurer*

"PIERSY"

Millbrook, N. Y.

*My possessions belong to my friends
But I must have it known.*

*Though freely I'd part with my wealth
My time is all my own.*



ANDERSON, SHIRLEY D.

"ANDY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*When people's ill, they comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Sometimes they live, sometimes they die . . .
What's that to me? I let's 'em!!*



BARNES, ROSEMARY K.

"ROSIE"

Detroit, Michigan

*I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no fears for me
Since I have found today.*



BELL, RUTH H.

"RUTHIE"

Milton, N. Y.

*When I consider men of golden talents,
I'm delighted in my introverted way
To discover, as I'm drawing up the balance,
How much we have in common.*

COVEY, CAROLYN E.

"COVEY"

Valatia, N. Y.

*Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for any fate.*



EMERSON, MARION I.

"EMY"

Middletown, N. Y.

*Books are keys to wisdoms treasure,
Books are gates to lands of pleasure,
Books are paths that upward lead,
Books are friends, come, let us read.*



HAYDE, KATHERINE V.

"KAY"

Lakeville, Conn.

*This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn for every rose,
But aren't the roses sweet.*





HICKS, ELIZABETH R.

"BETTY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.*



HIRST, EILEEN M.

"HIRST"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*You cannot choose your battlefield,
The Gods do that for you,
But you can plant a standard
Where a standard never grew.*



HUBNER, LOUISE M.

"HIBBY"

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

*For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance.*

HYATT, GLORIA A.

"GLORIA"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*The things in life I really want
Are all quite moderate and wise—
The foolish things I think I want
Are just to dazzle other's eyes!*



KNAPP, BLANCHE C.

"KNAPPY"

North Clove, N. Y.

*It is good to be merry and wise
It is good to be honest and true,
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you go on with the new.*



MASON, MARION E.

"MASON"

Pawling, N. Y.

*The fabric of my life is gray,
Hard work in one small place.
I'll concentrate on trimming it
With lots of laughs for lace.*





NEWMAN, IRENE E.

"RENEE"

East Park, N. Y.

*Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though I may roam
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home!*



PUCKEY, SARA M.

"PUCK"

Peekskill, N. Y.

*To live with leisure every day
And never fret or worry,
Will make each hour twice as long—
No one has time to hurry.*



PUTNAM, ELEANOR J.

"PUT"

Binghamton, N. Y.

*I think of witty things to say
I'd be considered bright,
Except I always think them
In the middle of the night.*

ROBERTSON, JEANNE E.

"JEANNIE"

New Kingston, N. Y.

*A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.*



ROBINSON, EDNA RUTH

"ROBBIE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*Gosh!! I feel like a real good cry.
Life, he says, is a cheat, a fake.
Well, I agree with the grouchy guy—
The best you can get is an even break.*



SHAKER, HELEN V.

"SHAKE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*My good blade carves the casques of men;
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.*





SMITH, MILDRED A.

"SMITHY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*Thoughts too deep to be expressed
And too strong to be suppressed.*



STEELE, SHIRLEY A.

"SHIRLEÉ"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*I love to have a charge account
It makes for painless buying.
Except that when the bills come in
My family is so trying.*



TAMMANY, MIRIAM E.

"MIMI"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*Conventions cramp my sweeping style—
Why should I be ruled by custom?
Rules were only made I think
For those who are too weak to bust 'em.*

VAN PEI, CAROLYN J.

"VAN"

Beacon, N. Y.

*The Laws of God, the Laws of Man,
He may keep that will and can;
Not I; let God and Man decree
Laws for themselves but not for me!*



WILLIAMS, RUTH E.

"RUTHIE"

New Rochelle, N. Y.

*Although I side with optimists
And think they have the right of it,
I'm not just glad because of life
But oft in spite of it.*



YANKOWSKI, CECELIA J.

"CIEL"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*I feel me near to some High Thing
That earth awaits from me
But cannot find in all my journeying
What it may be.*



Army Talk -- V. B. H. Edition

PX—post exchange	<i>Cupboard</i>
S.O.S.—service of supply	<i>Nile's storeroom</i>
Hash mark	<i>Blue band</i>
Pill Rollers	<i>Doctors</i>
Fatigues	<i>Blue smocks</i>
Civvies	<i>Street clothes</i>
Brass Hats	<i>Supervisors</i>
M.P.	<i>George</i>
Dawn Patrol	<i>4 A. M. Rounds</i>
Bible	<i>O. R. Procedure Book</i>
Barracks 13	<i>Morgue</i>
Bayonet	<i>Intramuscular Needle</i>
Hashburner	<i>Chef</i>
Slipping the Clutch	<i>Apple Polishing</i>
Blitz-krieg	<i>Appendectomy by Dr. Malven</i>
Angels Whisper	<i>Dr. Lewis and his "Little Mothers"</i>
Lieutenant's Bars	<i>Didie pins</i>
Armored Cow	<i>Ward VI's Refrigerator</i>
Battery Acid	<i>4 A. M. Coffee</i>
Blind Flying	<i>U. S. O. Dances</i>
Bunk "flying"	<i>Bunk Bedders Who Get Up At 6:59 A. M.</i>
Dog Show	<i>White Shoe Inspection</i>
General's Quarters	<i>T. S. O.</i>
K.P.	<i>The D. K.</i>
Furlough	<i>Long Week-end</i>
Ma-bel	<i>Form of address for any nurse</i>
Rookies	<i>Probies</i>
Shot Down In Flames	<i>Reprimand From the T. S. O.</i>
Sugar Report	<i>A Letter From a Man</i>
A.W.O.L.	<i>Away Without Overnight Leave</i>
G.I. Stuff	<i>Our Bill-of-fare . . . But it's good!</i>
Jeep	<i>Morgue Stretcher</i>
Maneuvers	<i>Rounds</i>
Rationing	<i>More and More of Less and Less Oftener and Oftener</i>
Passing the Buck	<i>What the doctor does to the supervisors; what the supervisor does to the charge nurse; what the charge nurse does to the students.</i>
Trench	<i>Bottom floor of Home I</i>
Goldbricking	<i>Looking busy with a dust cloth in your hands</i>
Riding the Sick Book	<i>Goldbricking the easy way by pretending to be ill.</i>
Blanket Drill	<i>Sun bathing in back of T. H.</i>
Batting the Breeze	<i>Bull-shooting</i>
O. D.	<i>Miss McCrimmon</i>



OUR CORPORALS

CLASS OF 1944

We've been here now, for over a year
And much, we've seen and done.
We'll keep on and do our best,
'Till at last our pins are won.
We have felt the weakening pulse
And eased the final breath—
We've closed the curtains of this life
Upon the scene of death.

We've seen the miracle of birth,
And matched the joy with smiles.
We know the triumph in defeat
Of the valley's shadowed miles.
We've felt the grasp of the pained
And seen the tears and sweat.
We've come to love the trusting look,
And aid the faltering step.

The sadness which seems great today—
Tomorrow will be gone,
And, we the class of '44
Will proudly carry on.

—Marjorie Ollivett.



CLASS OF 1945

OUR PRIVATES

C APPIES



CLASS OF 1945

All in a lifetime

A probie's life,
In her conclusion,
Is one of hard work
—and confusion

A student nurse,
The next in line,
Says "None can be
More hard than mine"

The senior, in
Her role of Master,
Says only, "Why
Can't time go faster?"

The supervisor,
Wise and stern,

"Will these poor students
Never learn?"

Internes five,
All men of might
"Must all these things
Arise at night?"

Everyone,
It's plain to see,
Has some complaint
But what of me?

I've only one
It seems so small,
"Why was I ever
Born at all?"

—D. C.

WISHIN'

Bluster and buster,
Grumbles and groans,
Anger and tears,
And then some moans
Haven't you heard them
Time and again?
When there was no reason
For all such din?
And haven't you wanted,
Oh, yearned for it so
To provide a reason
To warrant such woe.

—D. C.

A pleasing smile
So little to ask
Puts life and hope
Into any task

—D. C.



NEW RECRUITS

PROBIES ON REVIEW

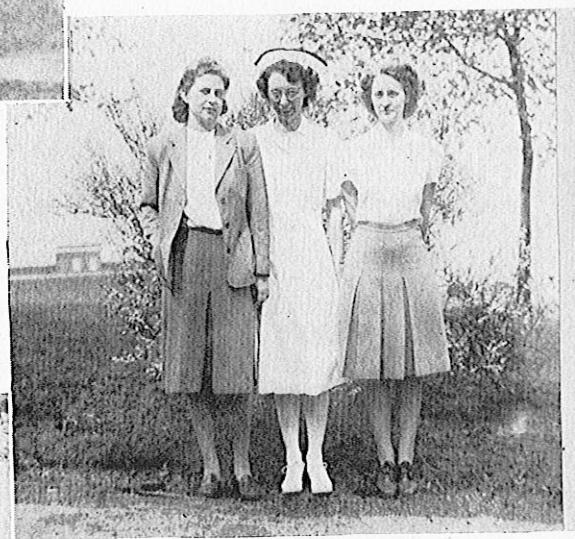
A bunch of frightened probies
We're standing filled with awe,
We stood there while Miss Lindberg
Was laying down the law.
We stood there at attention
Our knees were always weak
And everytime someone passed us by
They were SURE to speak:—
"You now are student nurses,
In a profession fine."
And then begins to give us
That old familiar line.
"Tho you are young and innocent
And have a lot to learn
A few weeks on ward duty
And your board and keep, you'll earn!"
We started out, right on the job,
In classes and on duty,
But now and then we fall asleep,
Especially Miss Luty!
Mattresses we've learned to fling
And with good luck, we'll need no sling.
Ask Delamater any day
She'll show you the hardest way!
As for uniforms we think they're tops
All we need now are caps for our mops!
There's lots of things we have to take
But on the whole we think it's great.

—E. D.

*They like orderly
kitchenettes*



*They know how
we look inside*



They count our Corpuscles

This Post-War World, 1972

The weather's fine for flying . . . and since we Gremlins have a long week-end, let's pay a visit to a few of our friends in the Class of '43 . . . now long graduated from Vassar Brothers Hospital. Of course, you've heard of VASSAR HOSPITAL . . . it was last year's winner of the famous Bulditizer prize in the field of youth restoration (Vassar Alumnae please note: there is no longer a ward 2).

So, we jump into a Rocket ship and first zoom up to Mars to have lunch with Kay Hayde and Flash—they're really doing big things on that planet . . . We find one of the guests at our table is Jeanne Robertson who just "blew in" from the stratosphere. In this world of realistic advertisements, she rides the "flying red horse" representing "Sokony" petrolene.

Boom! Off into space again (but the spaces are getting smaller). What's that!—it was Eileen Hirst parachuting through mid air. Remember Eileen in the last war? She was Queen of the Paratroopers on skis . . . ! Cruising along, we press a button on the dash and who flashes on the screen but Marion Mason, who now sings for "Carter's Little Liver Pills" on a planet to planet hook up. Her theme song is "You Started Something." As Miss Mason's sweet voice fades into the distance, the newscaster reports that Virginia St. Leger and her scintillating Satellites will be zooming up to Saturn for a command tap dance performance before the King and Queen. We remember the times when Virginia very diligently ran through her routine on second floor Tower o. n. . . . have you ever seen a dream walking?—well we did ! ! !

Still floating through space, we travel to the end of the rainbow. There we see Helen Pierson with both hands in the pot of gold . . . still trying to figure out who in the Class of '43 didn't pay her dues. At the other end of the rainbow is Mildred Smith, in a quandry as usual—she could have sworn the pot of gold was at that end! !

Ho, hum, let's increase our speed! Jivin' their way on a cosmic ray are Louise Hubner and Helen Susman, who have just introduced a new version of the "goose-step" in boogie woogie tempo . . . still regretting they didn't develop it sooner . . . so they could do it "RIGHT IN DER FUEHRER'S FACE".

Flying along we pass Mimi Tammany and Reds in their supercharged convertible B-29, en route for church. As we soar over Iceland, we see none other than that exotic Shirlee Steele romping in the sun with her 400 prize Russian wolfhounds. A fashion plate as usual, she is wearing one of the new plastic midriff ski suits, studded with Coca-Cola caps, salvaged from the war drive of 1943.

Among the Eskimos, we find little Betty Hicks, who now is a teacher. She manages to complete a course in Psychoanalysis, Psychoneuroses, Psychology, and Psychotherapy in the record time of "ten easy lessons".

Pssh. Now for a quick jaunt over to Venus the land of voluptuous vanity. The Public Sanitation Department of this planet is under the eyes of Gloria Hyatt who keeps the skyways clean with her long sweeping eyelashes. The brilliance of the billboards attracts us as we see that man has done it again with his latest figure, Blanche Knapp, by "Peattie". As we stand gazing in enchantment, we hear a mighty rumble of a coach drawn by six white stallions—there she is "Queen of Them All" Rosemary Barnes. She introduced this dramatic means to carry out her duties as a visiting nurse.

Rocketing once more through space, a strange shape materializes, and after circling inquisitively we recognize the newly discovered planet, "BLOTO". At the gate is "Peter" Sally Puckey picking a peck of pickled peppers. She tells us that some of our other friends are here too. Jessie Dunlavey, a famous Blottonion, widely known for her shimmering black hair, now sells same to Cupid for his bow-strings. As we round another corner we see Shirley Anderson peering out at us 'neath her peek-a-boo bang, groping her way along Grubb street about to apply for a position at "Kipp's Karnival of Kuties".

And now, we find some of our girls are still "down to Earth". We just have to light for a moment to see Irene Newman riding a tricycle, still unable to be coaxed into these new fangled autos with wings. Ruth Bell has gone far at V. B. H. That Victory garden she planted in '43 in back of Tower Home has blossomed into a flourishing apple orchard, and students now enjoy a nightly "appledunk" in Tower Home basement. Ruth tells us that Marion Emerson has finally realized her ambition, and is a G. I. Nurse on an Indian Reservation in Colorado. She now has ten wild Indians of her own. Next door, about a hundred miles away, we find Caroline Covey, established on a sheep ranch raising wool to pull over people's eyes . . .

Z-zzzzzzom!!! Off again! After a world wide search for a suitable leading lady for the refilming of "Mrs. Miniver" (formerly played by Greer Garson)—we find among the "stars" our own Eleanor Putnam, who has been chosen to play the role, and a right good job she does of it too!

Our altitude is climbing . . . 10,000 . . . 100,000 . . . 1,000,000. Ah, the wonders of this miraculous age—From this height we look out into a four dimensional world on the planet Pluto. Fascinated by the strange contours, we fly over a nearby cloud and stop for closer observation. Why some of our girls are up here too! None other than Cecelia Yankowski and Carolyn Van Pelt rush up to our ship to greet us. They are both drinking a double chocolate malted and we note numerous chocolate bars protruding from their pockets . . . yet the girls are slim!!! Puzzling?? We remember the times they exercised and dieted religiously to keep their weights down. Oh, of course, we must remember that the fourth dimension takes care of any misplaced poundage; so why should they worry????

Some of the easiest paths to travel in this world are the magnetized moon rays. So in order to economize on our petrol, we turn our metallic magnetrole. In a split second we are among the craters of the moon. There is Edna Ruth Robinson with a lamp in her hand . . . somebody must have told her there was a lady as well as a man-in-the-moon.

Another inhabitant of this rather barren yet romantic country is Ruthie Williams. Yes, we really expected to find her here—she was "moonstruck" back in April 1943, and the spell has lasted. Ruthie tells us that Helen Shaker too is now happily married. You'll never guess to whom! Yes, that Latin American interne Vassar had in the summer of '43 (remember that silly rumor that we were to get no internes??) —Senor Le Vine Tu-ba from Cuba. Leave it to our dark haired beauty to nab the only interne!!!!

Well, it's almost 10:15 p. m. and we must be off for Vassar—else one of our four weekly late leaves will be forfeited. With a few twists of the wrist the ship whizzes through the heavens and we bid "au-revoir" to the Class of nine-teen hundred forty-three.

—TOWER HOME GREMLINS





Maj. Louis Stoller



Capt. John Mead



Capt. Victor Bacile



Capt. Maxwell Goss



Maj. Neil Stone



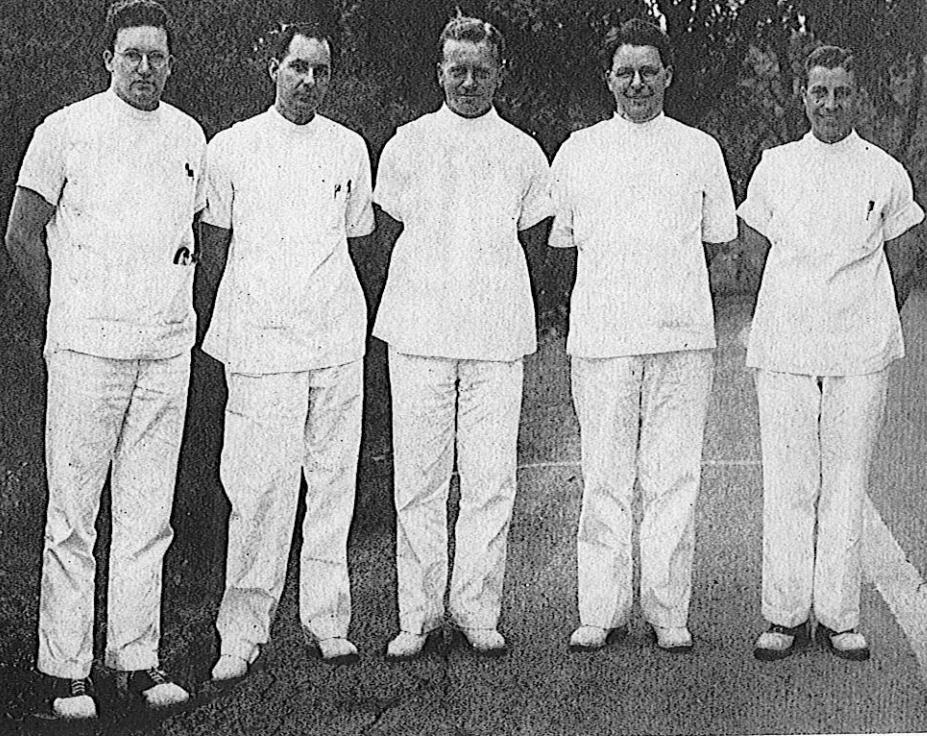
Lt. Col. John Rogers



Capt. Archie Neighbors



Maj. H. W. B. Stibbs



OUR INTERNES

TUNE: "Move It Over"

If you're in trouble, there's a double,
Ladue and Whitney sure are hard to beat,
It may be O. B's or only D. T's
That work is just their meat.

Dr. Blase, he has a motto,
It's something that we really ought to try,
Eat, drink, be merry, for tomorrow,
Who knows but we may die.

Said Dr. Lewis to the patient,
Keep your chin up, I will see you through,
Said the patient to Dr. Lewis,
You can do it too.

Said Dr. Pat to Dr. Blase,
Don't you think the goin's kind of rough,
Said Dr. Blase to Dr. Pat,
I know old man, it's tough!

Now we're at war, Dr. Lewis,
And these clamps are really hard to get!!
Though you're a surgeon, when you break 'em,
You really ought to sweat.

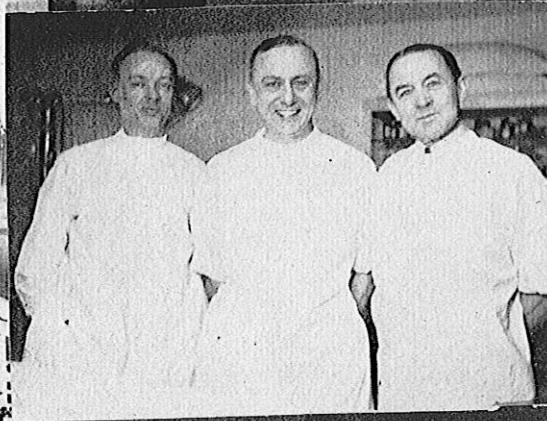
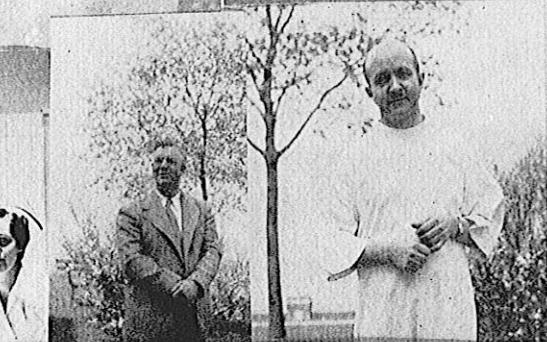
Oh! Dr. Pat, he's really suave,
He's the model for an Arrow Shirt,
When on duty, or with his cutie,
The girls are all alert.

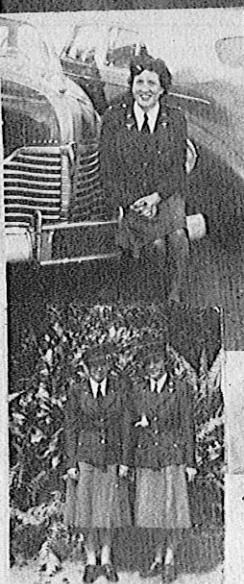
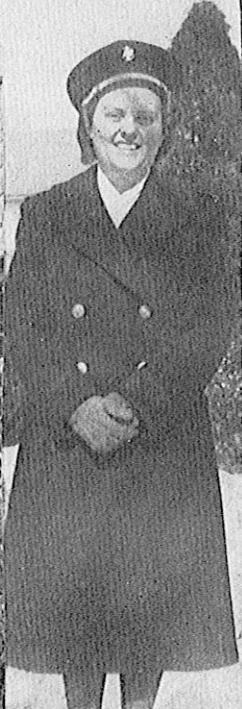
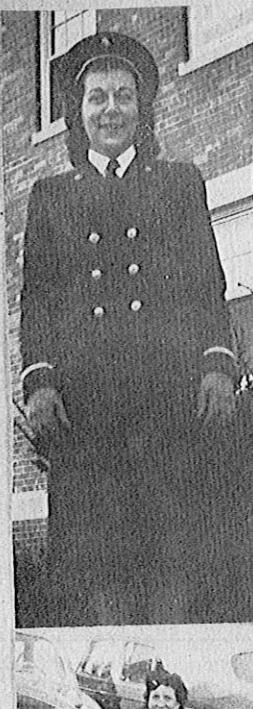
There's an interne, Dr. Ladue,
He's the model for a Victory Suit,
Though his trousers, they are cuffless,
We think he's kind of cute . . . !

Said Dr. Lewis to Dr. Whitney,
There's a cath, I haven't got the time,"
Said Dr. Whitney to Dr. Lewis,
"I'll do it for a dime!"

50-50 PROPOSITION

Cheer up! You have two chances—
One of getting the germ, and one of not;
And if you get the germ, you have two chances
One of getting the disease, and one of not;
And if you get the disease, you have two chances
One of dying, and one of not;
And if you die, well you still have two chances!





Vassar Alumnae in the Service of Our Country

Twenty of our alumnae are in service now. We were unable to procure photographs of all, but fourteen are brought to you on the opposite page. Reading from left to right:

Top row:

Ensign Kathryn Van Valkenburgh, '41, Naval Hospital, Brooklyn
Lieutenant Wilhelmina Weezenaar, '27, North Africa
Ensign Betty Nicksie, '38, Naval Hospital, St. Albans, L. I.
Lieutenant Priscilla Fullam, '40, Sheppard Field, Texas

Middle row:

Top, Lieutenant Marjorie Lasher, '41, Port of Embarkation, New Orleans, La.

Lower,

Lieutenant Bertha Dean, '27, } both in Panama
Lieutenant Edith Lund, '33, }
Lieutenant Isobel Martin, '29, Fort Monmouth, N. J.
Lieutenant Agnes Pierson, '39, Iceland
Lieutenant Margaret Coyle, '36, Hawaii

Lower row:

Lieutenant Virginia Ackert, '40, India
Katherine Sleight, '37, honorably discharged
Lieutenant Betty Shepherd, '40, Sheppard Field, Texas
Ensign Alice St. John, '39, New Zealand
Ensign Esther Staples, '38, Naval Hospital, St. Albans, L. I.

Other Alumnae:

Lieutenant Dorothy Dallas, '35, last heard from in Iceland
Lieutenant Mary Studley, '27, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.
Lieutenant Florence Ellison, '31, Gouvenour Island, N. Y.
Lieutenant Helen Chubb Del Guidice, '40, Fort Eustis, Va.
Ensign Louise Ensign, '39, reported for duty May 18th, 1943
Janet Stahl, '39, Civilian Red Cross Worker, Hawaii

SPAM

The nurses here and the nurses there
Know the meaning of despair
They dream of sirloin steak and ham.
But all they ever get is SPAM.

Oh, we are not the kind to kick
When shells and bombs are flying thick,
But tell us is it horse or ram
Or burro meat that makes up SPAM?

We'll do our part with might and main:
We'd really rather not complain.
But lungs and heart and diaphragm
Shout loudly, "Dear God, no more SPAM".

When Christmas came the other day
We got a package from the U. S. A.
We'd hoped for boneless chicken, jam
And chocolate cake—we just got SPAM.

A committee formed to send a note
To Congress. "Gentlemen", we wrote
"Please help us. Send us beef or lamb
Or pork and beans, but no more SPAM".

—Sent in for our Year Book by Lieutenant Weezenaar,
from North Africa.

Vassar Victory Promotions

Captain Tschudin (240th Tailgunner Squadron) awarded the distinguished flying cross for outstanding rapidity in locating missing oxygen tents.

First Lieutenant E. O. Lewis to Captain, for his contribution to speeding up production.

Tower Home Air Raid Warden, John Barth, awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for having Tower the most quickly evacuated building (see Freud's "Theories of Behavior").

First Lieutenant R. G. Paterson to Captain for unsurpassed apple-polishing as applied to nurses.

Second Lieutenant Moquist to First Lieutenant, for unusual persistency in keeping the Tower Home "mess" halls from being just that! . . .

Private Betty Hicks to Private First Class, for unusual diligence in heating blood media by pouring into warm water . . . ?

Private Jeanne Robertson to Corporal, for giving out with such a bugling "good MO-R-RR-NING" at reveille.

Colonel Breed to Brigadier General for unusual strategy in holding up O. R. pants without a belt.

Corporal Martin DeMunn to Top Sergeant of the PX, for unusual memory on the subject—"who has mail and who hasn't".

Quartermaster Grace Thompson awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for her foresight in providing us with three square meals a day.

Private Lynn Brunner to Corporal for her generosity with her commissary department.

Captain Christensen awarded the "Gulden's Mustard Medal of Merit" for having every patient admitted on his service plastered q.4h.

Corporal Calvin Davis awarded the Iron Cross for his constantly good disposition.

Sergeant George Carr awarded the "E" for Excellence for the speed with which he "runs" the O. B.'s from the main office to the A. R. . . . !

The Class of '44 the Recreation "E" for providing us with the most enjoyable party of the year.

Captain Sara L. Sweet to Major for never failing to answer our \$64 questions.

Three-star General J. J. Weber to a Four-star General for conserving kilowatts.

To Lieutenant Frances Hritz a loving foot-cup in symbolization of the efficient foot care on Ward 2.

Staff Sergeant Gene Williams to Top Sergeant for his superior intelligence in deciphering the night nurses census.

To Sergeant Solomon the Silver "V" for keeping the communication lines open under heavy fire!

To the back of Tower Home the Victory Seal for providing us with a means of successful camouflaging.

Private Winnie Hess to Corporal for providing our wounded soldiers with Hi-Cal fruit juice—"made with milk."

Private George Penovi to Private First Class for diligence during an 18 hour day.

Sergeant Henning to a commissioned officer, so that she may march at the head of every parade.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

Below are listed the Famous Quotations of outstanding personalities at the Vassar Training Barracks. Count one point for each you can guess. Score of 20 to 25: You rank with a General; 15 to 20 a Lieutenant could do as well as this; 10 to 15 a Private's rating; under 10: you just don't get around.

1. "How's your wind. . . . ??"
2. "Well anybody could see that with the naked eye!"
3. "If I can't trust you—who can I trust?"
4. "I'll take that ring!!"
5. "Open the window and let in God's good air . . ."
6. "G-i-r-l-s, Ah'm b-a-c-k . . ."
7. "Beat me, all I can say is that's purely asinine!"
8. "Do I smell something burning?"
9. "Is it a man? . . ."
10. "Women are all dumb, but nurses . . . Oh! my gosh!"
11. "Have you a cigarette?"
12. "Last call for cereal this morning, it's the last call!"
13. "See me before the 15th!"
14. "Good evening, is your light on?"
15. "Say Mike, you'll never see this again!"
16. "Now when I was in the British Army . . ."
17. "It's your fault!"
18. "Of course, you intend to nurse this baby."
19. "This week-end I'm gonna do it . . ."
20. "Now take me for instance . . ."
21. "Go to bed early! get up early! make your bed!"
22. "Oh! to be in England now that Bob is there . . ."
23. "Do you like to take a bath in a tub that has five rings!"
24. "I feel for you . . ."
25. " * * * * * " (Censored)!

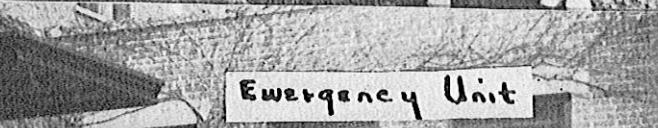
Solutions

1. Dr. LaDue	9. Frieda Mott	18. Miss Boston
2. Miss Ferguson	10. Frank Murnaine	19. Miss Beck
3. Miss McCrimmon	11. Louise Macy	20. Dr. Gagan
4. Miss Sweet	12. Mike in the D.K.	21. Miss Cole
5. Jim (in the O.R.)	13. Mrs. Colton	22. Carolyn Van Pelt
6. Miss Dunwoody	14. Miss Davidson	23. Miss Moquist
7. Jeanne Robertson	15. Dr. Breed	24. Dr. Harrington
8. Miss Teske	16. Dr. Thomson	25. Dr. Meyer
	17. Mort	

VASSAR

Viewed from the banks,
A-s the sun sinks behind
S-taunch in its tracks,
Sound bearer of time;
A-s a refuge for man
R-emains ever sublime.

—D. C.



Corporal Dunwoody to Technical Sergeant on transfer from the "musics" to the "medicos".

Private Tammany to Corporal for her diligence in getting furloughs!

Private Conrow to Corporal for keeping her scissors sharp enough to cut infusion tubing.

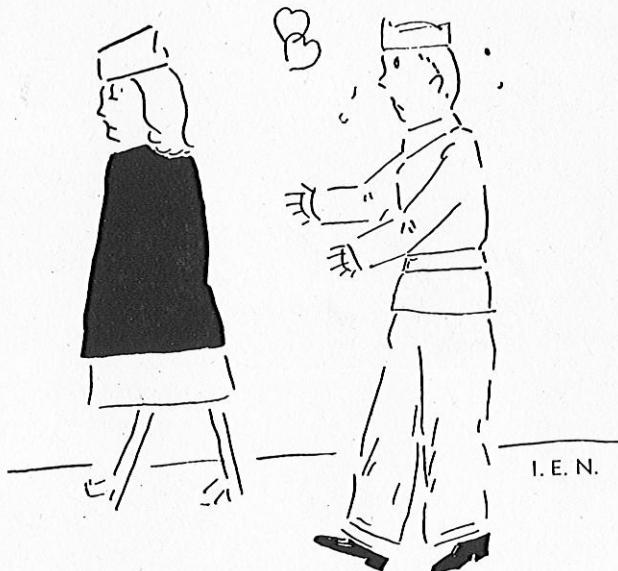
Captain Jackson to Major, for never failing to hit the spinal canal on first try.

Mrs Hamel awarded the "Good Housekeeping Sign of Approval" for her dee-licious coffee.

Captain Townsend to Major for his interest in, and attention to student nurse's welfare.

Major E. Lindberg to General for successfully directing our three-year campaign!

To Vassar Hospital special citation from Uncle Sam for the Class of '44 in his Student Reserve Corps!



ARMY NURSES!

Sing us a song of pain and penance—

Army nurses are all Lieutenants.

Whether they're blondes, brunettes, or titians,

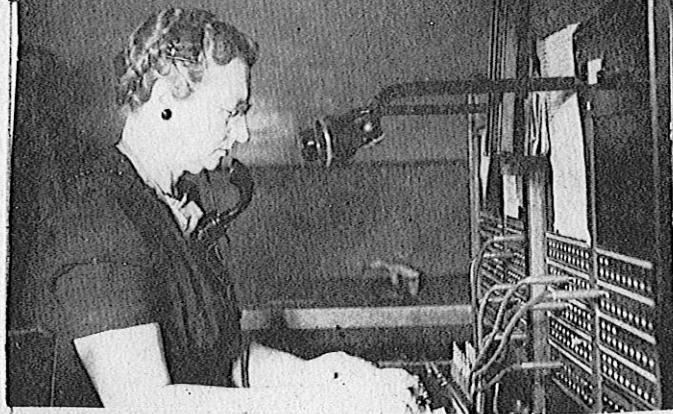
The hell of it is: they have commissions!

And privates, creatures of low degree,

Can dream but never hope to be

More to the nurses that win their hearts,

Than pulses, temperatures and charts.



Latest G. I. Orders

1. Tower Home shall have its own U. S. O. headquarters.
2. Dr. Blase shall wear a "Zoot Suit" with a "Reet Pleat".
3. Ward II shall have a man under seventy.
4. All graduates shall be as cheerful as Miss Dunwoody when working "on call".
5. Miss Cole shall come off Tower Home night duty.
6. Isolation rooms shall have flowered wallpaper and colored draperies.
7. Stella shall be on a coast to coast hook-up singing "Happy Birthday" songs.
8. A debate shall be conducted between Hitler and Miss Tschudin to see if he could possibly win.
9. Winnie Hess shall have a card catalogue to keep track of her belongings.
10. Mr. Paterson shall not have a bottle to fill on Saturday p. m.
11. Dr. Kahle must finish clinic by six p. m.
12. Tower Home must have a laundry chute.
13. Dr. Paterson must break his bottle of green ink.
14. The F. B. I. must find out whether or not the T. S. O. keeps a "little black book."
15. All internes must be as conscientious as Dr. Ladue.
16. The E. E. N. T. shall have a maid to do the housework.
17. Dr Moffit may say "ain't".
18. Dr. Voorhees must reveal whether or not it is "Kreml" he uses.
19. Dr Stoller must repair a break without breaking Jim's heart.
20. We shall nurse Dr. Peckham back to health in a hurry.
21. Dr. Roider shall direct a concert in Carnegie Hall (V. B. H. nurses of course).
22. Ralph Arico shall be back in the O. R. reciting "The Face on the Barroom Floor".
23. Miss Sandleben shall get an electric orange juice squeezer for 7 A. M. use.
24. All the class of '43 must get 100% on State Boards.

"A KNIGHT OF THE MOP AND BROOM"

With instruments of ersatz steel, each day of toil begins,
With gloomy look and saddened mien, he contemplates our sins;

He scrubs and sweeps and dusts mayhap,
His "good works" show as on a map.

But what does he do with our safety pins?

He loves the Irish, hates the Fins
He seldom smiles, he never grins;
(Maybe he eats the safety pins?)

Here's to the corners, neat and trim!

His name? Well, we just call him Jim.

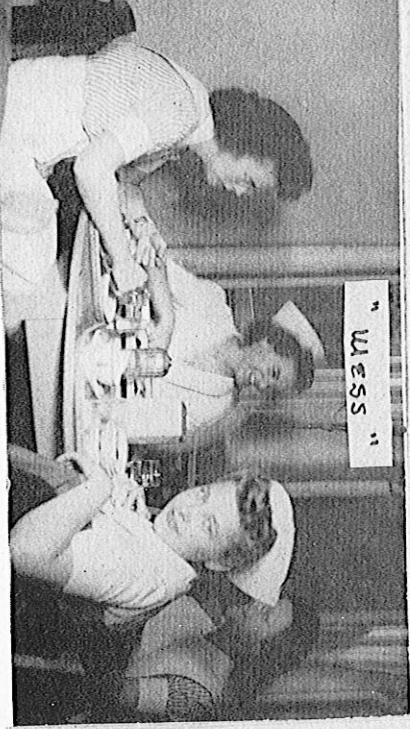
—Allana Krieger
Jean Dunwoody



Post Exchange



"MESS"



Rationed Coffee,
Rationed Sugar,
Rationed Butter,
Rationed Meat,

How Depressing!

Here's to The Nurse at Guadalcanal!

Here's to The Nurse at Wake!

Here's to The Women in White,
they are Pals!

Their share of this war they can take.

"AT EASE"

"Buddies"

"Civies"



Obituary to Class of 1943, V. B. H. N. T. S.

The top part of the class has already departed this undergraduate world of V. B. H. Three years ago they came in eleven and departed a select seven. Elaine Stewart, the only one of the four we knew, finally decided that Florida was a better place to spend the winter and left three months shy of finishing; she was a very good and pleasant nurse. Of the seven she left to finish one was a ? blonde by name of Rosemary Barnes, who occasionally went to Detroit where someone had missed her. She was a good nurse and could even light lamps. Carolyn Covey also had an attractive hairdo, she said it was only water, she was a good nurse too. Katherine Hayde, a smooth little nurse, had an excellent vocabulary and if you called her Dolly or Babe you would soon find out. She lives near a little pond in Connecticut and, by the way, is an excellent nurse. Sally Puckey is quiet most of the time but you still don't miss her easily. Jeanne Robertson seems to like gold fish at times, a hobby not as well held by three of her select seven. "Van" Pelt, along with Barnes and Covey, was not to be an old maid, she seems to like corporals in England. Yankouski or have I spelled it wrong, also graduated to complete the seven.

Of the lower half of the class, 24 started and 20 are finishing. Only one, Coons, left while we were here and Cupid had hit her. Of those left, Shirley Anderson leads the list, at least alphabetically and is a good nurse too. Ruth Bell is a very pleasant and efficient nurse, particularly well appreciated on the men's wards. Jessie Dunlavey has the features of an Irish lassie even to the sparkle in her eyes. Even the internes admit she's a good nurse. Marion Emerson sometimes can be found in left field or keeping the Army's morale up when she isn't making some old crock's life more comfortable. Elizabeth Hicks, or Jr. as some know her, is a handy one to have around on any ward—she is constantly on the go to do something for someone. Eileen Hirst, a most efficient nurse, even can play tennis at times but not as well as she nurses. Louise Hubner, a Wappingers girl, commutes often it seems, to see her mother she says, but she too can comfort patients easily. Gloria Hyatt, how's your sunburn? she helps make any ward click easily. Blanche Knapp can be found often fondling the kids on Wd. 5 when the diet kitchen can spare her; she does a good job too. Marion Mason, the girl with the musical voice; she and the O. R. get along very well when they have a chance. She too would rather not stay at home every nite; you might even find her with Hirst and Dunlavey up at the corner with a hamburger. I. Newman is a neat little blonde and a grand little worker. Her cheerful smile would speed up any patient's recovery. Helen Pierson a cheerful pleasant Swede if there ever was one; definitely a pleasure for anyone to work with anywhere. Eleanor Putnam or "Put" helps keep the world in its place and vice versa sometimes with Pierson's help; any ward is lucky to have her as charge nurse. Edna Robinson or "Robbie" has had her share of trouble lately but we all know she has finally got the better of it. Helen Shaker even knows her history, she may be quiet at times but by her work you know she's there. Mildred Smith some-

times surprises you with what she knows, but why? she can even make a mustard plaster or flaxseed poultice. Shirley Steele, the little girl who runs to the D. K. whenever she can get away from Wd V; she also likes extra curricular activities when she can stay awake. Virginia St. Leger will be a photographer soon it seems, she may as well as she has nursing down pat already. Helen Susman without the "el" is another good little nurse, you don't think she is small when you see her work. Miriam Tammany, the pride of the aviation cadets, even had to give the ones in Florida a break; they like blondes there it seems. She is the pride and joy of any world and a lot of fun to work with. Ruth Williams ends our list and as is fitting we do so with one of the best, as a nicer nurse would be hard to find in V. B. H.

On the whole, after working for nearly a year with this fine group of beauteous intellectuals, even we have to admit that they are pretty good, a great help to ourselves and the attendings and indispensable for the welfare of the patients. We wholeheartedly admit that a better group of this size could not be found anywhere.

—THE INTERNES.

"RIGHT DRESS"! THE RANKS ARE JUDGING.

- Most Intelligent*—E. Hirst
- Most Dignified*—R. Bell
- Most Respected*—H. Shaker
- Best Looking*—M. Tammany
- Hardest Worker*—H. Pierson
- Best Natured*—Tie between B. Knapp and H. Susman
- Most Likely to Succeed*—E. Hirst
- Most Popular*—J. Dunlavey
- Most Versatile*—E. Hirst
- Best Dancer*—L. Hubner
- "Smoothest"*—J. Dunlavey
- Best Singer*—M. Mason
- Best Sense of Humor*—V. St. Leger
- Teacher's Pet*—I. Newman
- Most Vivacious Personality*— J. Dunlavey
- Most Original*—S. Steele
- Most Polite*—Tie between R. Williams and R. Bell
- "The Best Line"*—M. Tammany
- Wittiest*—Tie between V. St. Leger and E. Robinson
- Best Athlete*—E. Hirst
- Teacher's Pest*—Tie between E. Robinson and M. Tammany
- Best to Work With*—H. Pierson
- Best Charge Nurse*—H. Pierson
- Senior We'd Like Best to Be Like*—E. Hirst

MESSAGE FOUND IN A BOTTLE

Thrown From a Window at Harkness Pavilion

When next upon my narrow cot,
A prey to symptoms horrid,
I lie awake for fever's sake
Or hold my aching forehead,
Let doctors come and doctors go,
They'll meet with no resistance.
I'll guip the bitterest brew. But, oh,
Let nurses keep their distance.

For the hearts of nurses are solid gold,
But their heels are flat and their hands are
cold,
And their voices lilt with a lilt that's falser
Than the smile of an exhibition waltzer.
Yes, nurses can cure you, nurses restore you,
But nurses are bound that they'll do things
for you.

They make your bed up
On flimsy excuses.
They prop your head up
And bring you juices.
They run with eggnogs from hither and
thither.
They fling out your flowers before they wither.
They fetch your breakfast at dawn's first crack.
They keep on pleading to rub your back.
With eau de Cologne they delight to slush you.
And over and over they want to wash you.

The nurse-at-night you can't recall.
She's vaguer than a dream is;
But when she whispers down the hall
You think you're *in extremis*.
The day nurse owns a beaming face
Designed your soul to hearten,
And speaks to you with studied grace
As to a kindergarten.

Oh, the deeds of nurses are noble and pure,
But they're always taking your temperature.
And, dewy morn till the light grows paler,
They guard you close as a Nazi jailer.
They pull your shades and they shut your
doors.

They snub convivial visitors.
Your veriest frown
They take to heart
And scribble it down
On a stealthy chart.
When you reach for a smoke they're there
to nab you.
With pills they dose you, with needles they
jab you.
They order you porridge instead of kippers.
They steal your pencils and hide your slippers.
They eat the candy your friends bequeath,
And hourly urge you to brush your teeth.

The tribe of Florence Nightingale,
Ah, let me not disparage.
How deft their ways with luncheon trays,
How masterful their carriage!
But when the pallid look I wear
That marks the Liquid Diet,
I wish they'd go some otherwhere,
And let me groan in quiet,
Abandoned to my germy nest,
Unnursed, unlaundered, unoppressed.

—Phyllis McGinley

TO THE GRADUATES
OF
VASSAR HOSPITAL
CLASS OF JUNE, 1943

*"Humble because of knowledge,
Mighty by sacrifice . . ."*

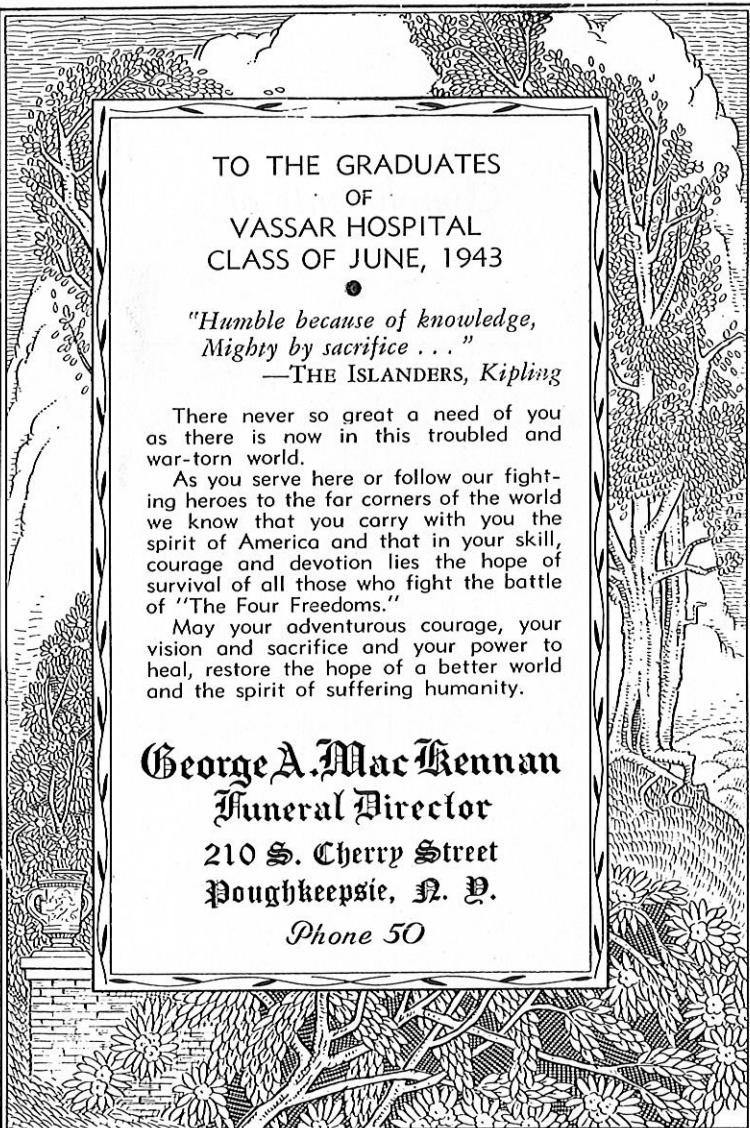
—THE ISLANDERS, Kipling

There never so great a need of you
as there is now in this troubled and
war-torn world.

As you serve here or follow our fighting
heroes to the far corners of the world
we know that you carry with you the
spirit of America and that in your skill,
courage and devotion lies the hope of
survival of all those who fight the battle
of "The Four Freedoms."

May your adventurous courage, your
vision and sacrifice and your power to
heal, restore the hope of a better world
and the spirit of suffering humanity.

George A. MacKenna
Funeral Director
210 S. Cherry Street
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Phone 50

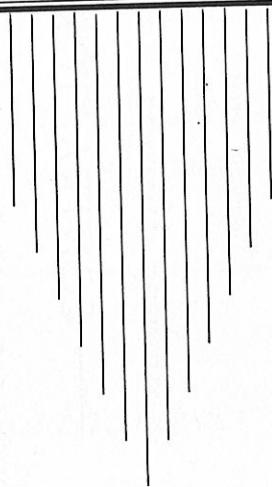


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DRINK MILK

Dutchess County Milk Dealers
Association

STEELE—Barnes called up to say she couldn't meet you downtown this morning.

VAN PELT—Well that's a wait off my mind!

NOW - more than ever your country
needs your help

and now more than ever
Wallace's can help you !

WALLACE CO.

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Associated Banks of Poughkeepsie

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FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS NATIONAL BANK

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

POUGHKEEPSIE SAVINGS BANK

POUGHKEEPSIE TRUST COMPANY

SIGN ON PUTNAM'S DOOR—I'm doing a case study, if you come in be sure
to wake me up!!

COMPLIMENTS OF

M. SHWARTZ & CO.

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES

The Up-to-Date, Inc.

FEMININE WEARABLES

I. MILLER SHOES

FEMININE ACCESSORIES

NURSES UNIFORMS

BRITISH SAILOR—Pardon me for walking on your feet.

SUSMAN—Oh, that's all right. I have to walk on them myself.

DIEGES & CLUST

17 John Street, New York, N. Y.

MANUFACTURING SPECIALTY JEWELERS

Class Rings and Pins

Medals, Cups, Trophies and Plaques

Athletic Awards

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That's the way it is with people, and that's the way it is with an institution, too. Luckey's is 75 years old but feels like an 18 year old youngster. Seventy-five years have taught us a lot about what folks want, and that's why you find what you want, when you want it and at the price you want to pay, at Luckey's.

LUCKY, PLATT & CO.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MISS COLE—What do you mean by coming in at this hour of the morning?

TAMMANY—Well, I have to be on duty at 7.

3 SERVICES IN ONE

1. We examine your eyes and prescribe glasses if necessary.
2. The prescription is filled on the premises assuring you of accuracy.
3. Your own prescription is filled under the supervision of our optical specialist who has had over 25 years experience.

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Where photography is still practiced as an art

Studio Entrance

4 Liberty Street

Telephone 2894

FUSSY PATIENT—I'm hearing sounds in my ears.

DR. WHITNEY—Where else would you hear them?

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Mitchell Furniture Co.

389 Main Street

Poughkeepsie, New York

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"A Home Owned Store"

260 MAIN ST.

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For All Occasions

Day Time

Night Time

Play Time

Coats

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Since 1864

THE BEST IN

DIAMONDS — JEWELRY
STERLING SILVER

THE HUBERT ZIMMER CO.

29 MARKET ST.

(Opposite Nelson House)

PHONE 655

The lights had gone out on the bus and Dr. Ladue asked the woman standing next to him if he could help her find a strap.

"I already have one, thank you", she replied.

Then would you mind letting go of my necktie? said Ladue.

BEST WISHES OF

THE NELSON HOUSE

Poughkeepsie's Leading
Hotel

COMPLIMENTS OF

BUTLER'S GROCERY STORE

16 READE PLACE
86 MONTGOMERY STREET
POUGHKEEPSIE

Best Wishes

KELTY the BAKER

44 NORTH CLOVER STREET

MISS THOMPSON—Remember, sauce for the goose is gravy for the hash the next day.

COMPLIMENTS OF

M. T. S.

**CHARLES LUGGAGE AND
GIFT SHOP**

LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
LEATHER GOODS
IN THE HUDSON VALLEY

358 MAIN STREET

PAUL de FALCO

Personalized
Shoe Fitting Service



Bardavon Theatre Building
35 Market Street
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SMITH—(Riding on Main street bus)—What's that on your knee?

WILLIAMS—It's a delayed action bomb, I'm taking it to the police station.

SMITH—Well, you shouldn't have a dangerous thing like that in the midst of all these passengers. Put it under the seat!

COMPLIMENTS OF

JOHN EOMAZZO

JEWELER

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

THERESA BAKE SHOP

T. SOLOMON

For the necessities of your profession
may we suggest that you try us first.



BEVIER & YOAKAM, INC.

359 MAIN ST.



LUKS PHARMACY

459 MAIN ST.

BARDAVON EAT SHOP

33 MARKET ST.

24 HOUR SERVICE

TOWER HOME MOTTO: If the shoe fits, borrow it.

FOR BETTER JEWELRY

P A N E S

Just Say "CHARGE IT"

ON THE VERY CORNER OF
MAIN AND ACADEMY STS.

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AND BEST WISHES

The Jack Siegel Store

— COME TO —

Reick the Square Jeweler

376 MAIN STREET

. . . For Your . . .

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and ELGIN WATCHES

Watch Repairing, Diamonds,
Silverware, Sheaffer Pens,
Zenith and Emerson
Radios, Electrical
Appliances.



NURSES OXFORDS, ETC.

FRIEDMAN'S

X-RAY SHOE FITTING

368 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MISS SWEET—Which travels faster heat or cold?

PROBIE—Heat.

MISS SWEET—What makes you think so?

PROBIE—Well, you can catch cold!

When You Start Housekeeping,
Come to Us for Fuel!

COAL

OIL

COLLINGWOOD & SEAMAN

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Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

LINK-BELT STOKER
FIREPLACE COAL

BROCK'S

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31 Market St.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

BAHRET'S FLOWERS

"Exclusive but not Expensive"

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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PHONE 5800

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52 MARKET STREET

TEL. 864

We now interrupt these news flashes to bring you a radio program.

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A FRIEND

FITCHETT'S

"Your STATIONER"



271 MAIN STREET

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B R A D ' S

BAKERY — RESTAURANT
and DELICATESSEN

"Birthday and Wedding Cakes
Our Specialty"

PHONE 764

. . . and . . .

CAPTAIN'S TABLE GRILL

"A Marine Grill With Its Savory Food
and Fine Beverages"

PHONE 5936

Corner Main and Hamilton Streets
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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C. BOFFA

Fine Felt Hats for Men & Women

First Class Hat Renovating

308 Main Street

(Over W. T. Grant)

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

HIRST—Could I borrow your suit case?

DUNLAVEY—Why, you didn't return it the last time you borrowed it.

HIRST—Now what'll I do? I want to borrow it again!

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